

# Executive Viewpoint

by Chris Liberty



Mr. Robert Gaynor (left) interviewed here by Chris Liberty (right)

On October 5, 1973 the Department of Business at Avila College under the expertise leadership of its Chairman, Sister Paulette Gladis, presented the Business Career Seminar. The highlight of the Business Career Seminar was the timely speech delivered by the featured speaker, Mr. Robert H. Gaynor, vice-president and general manager of the Mid-West area, long lines division of

American Telephone and Telegraph in Kansas City.

I have the distinct pleasure of knowing Mr. Gaynor and must attest to the fact that Mr. Gaynor is one of the most impressive individuals I have ever met. Mr. Gaynor is an extraordinary executive, and it is indeed most appropriate that on the shoulders of this multi-talented man rests a tremendous amount of high-level responsibility. In addition to his executive post with American Telephone and Telegraph Mr. Gaynor is the Chairman, Board of Trustees and of the Executive Committee of Midwest Research Institute. Midwest Research Institute is one of the leading independent research institutes in the Western Hemisphere.

Mr. Gaynor was just recently elected the President of the Civic Council of Greater Kansas City. Mr. Gaynor replaces Mr. P. V. Miller, Mr., as head of the group of 100 business and industrial leaders.

Corporate executives are at times unfortunately characterized as having beady eyes, being unscrupulous and cold-hearted. Mr. Gaynor is the com-

plete antithesis of that distorted description. Mr. Gaynor has a warm, sparkling personality and is the epitome of charisma.



Sister Paulette Gladis, Chairman of the Business Career Seminar

Mr. Gaynor is also vitally concerned about the quality of life, this is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Gaynor is an ardent supporter of education on all levels. Mr. Gaynor advocates education not only for obtaining practical skills and training but also for interpersonal development. Mr. Gaynor re-

fers to education as the "process of enlightenment."

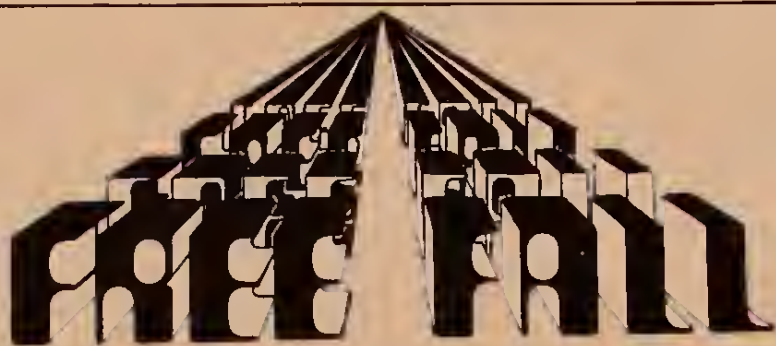
Mr. Gaynor is enthusiastic and bullish on the Mid-West and states that the heart of America is just now beginning to realize its potential. Mr. Gaynor cites the establishment of the International trade zone and the completion of the new Kansas City International Airport as tremendous assets which will make Kansas City "a focal point of international transportation." As the populace of the Greater Metropolitan KC area increases markedly, leading academic institutions like the Avila College will assume an even more paramount role in maintaining the quality of life of this region according to Mr. Gaynor.

American Telephone and Telegraph has cast a vote of confidence in the heart of America by being a leading corporate citizen and by having an investment of over eight-hundred million dollars in the Mid-West area alone.

When I asked Mr. Gaynor how American Telephone and Telegraph would keep up with the ever-increasing consumer demand Mr. Gaynor responded by explaining the keystones for growth in the communications industry which are so effectively and efficiently utilized by American Telephone and Telegraph, among which are the advances made by the modern AT & T research laboratories, and the systems approach-unit level concept which has been so precisely perfected by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company so as to insure that everyone of its customers nationwide will only have to assume a low, minimal average cost regardless of whether they live on the East Coast or the West Coast.

In closing, I would like to mention that it was a gratifying experience for me as a young journalist to have had an interview with Mr. Gaynor, for Mr. Gaynor's time away from his corporate responsibilities is at a premium and there is quite a demand on Mr. Gaynor to give interviews to many leading world-wide publications.

Mr. Gaynor is a member of the rare breed of super-executives and Mr. Gaynor's impact on Avila College was a most enriching one.



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## Rattling Cages



by J.P.O. Roy & J.P.O. Dale

It seems appropriate, before we meandre too far into the year, that ole Roy 'n Dale gives y'all the lo-down on the organization that has the greatest influence on Student Activities, since this article is officially supposed to report Student Life. Therefore, without further adieu, we would like y'all to give a warm Ta Dah! to PROGRAM BOARD! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

In our last article, me 'n Sugarfoot was shown a ridin' off into the sunset after a hard day's work. We had hoped that our explanation as to the purpose of Rattling Cages was all apple pie, and therefore we wuz just a contentedly gonna mozey on back to camp. . . "I'm an ole cowhand, on the Rio Grande."

... "A cowboy's work is never done" ... BUT, lo and behold, such was not

the case. We wuz ambushed! "Gad-zooks, a swarm a Do-nothin's!" These 'Do-nothin's' seem to be infestin' the range with their contagious disease called "if nobody else goes, I don't want to go either." Critters like these oughta' be tarred & feathered. Instead, they're spreadin' their sickness all over the frontier. These are the same vermin who's always a hootin' an' a hollerin' about not havin' anythin' to do . . . Oh, horsefeathers!

Now, in an attempt to modernize the story of "How the West was Won," John Rasiej has taken on the responsibility as Chairman of Program Board. A lotta' cowhands thought that Big John was jest some city-slickin', East side greenhorn with a lotta' high falootin' ideas but with no more common cents than a two dollar bill! Sometimes, even me 'n Dale sorta' think that Big John is plumb-crazy 'cuz of the way he knocks himself loco for all a them "do-nothin's"

Fer instance, in an effort to git students opinions of activities, Big John initiated "Programming Day", where polls wuz generated and members of Program Board were hankerin' to use the results to co-ordinate their activities accordingly. The activities soon took shape in relation to how favorable the responses were and everythin' seemed hunky-dory. Then, once the activities left the chalk slate and was put out to the homesteaders, that willy-nilly disease started a sputterin' up again. The "Do-nothin's" decided to get together and put up their favorite Rattling Cases . . . "Well, we win some and we lose some," sez Big John. Fortunately, Big John has a good temperant about handlin' "Do-nothin's". If it wuz up to me 'n Dale, we'd have 'em all tied down at Gopher's Gulch with a herd of buzzards overhead.

So, Big John 'n Program Board keep a pluggin' away. Perhaps, if the "do-nothin's" would jest poke around a bit, come out an' meet the rest of the cowhands they'd find out that we're not so bad 't'all.

The activities, if you really want them, will only happen because of people. There is no other magic. No activity goes anywhere without co-operation between programming coordinators and the people to whom these activities are co-ordinated to.

Perhaps, Program Board should jest sponsor one big activity for the whole year and squander all a' their money right then and there. Or maybe they should buy a heap a toys and spread' em out all over the campus. Or maybe they should jest pay themselves \$3.00 an hour for the work that they've already put in and use up the funds. But, we think that what they are doin' right now is jest about the best possible job for their money-which ain't much. If y'all have any idears that you'd like to toss in, jest wander on down to Lower Marian Center at 5:30 p.m. on any Sunday. Big John an' his cowhands'll warm your wagons. Adios!

## Our Gang

There is a lot of excitement these days among the members of the Student Steering Committee with four class representatives to be added to the nucleus of government and with the improvements in the Student Government Association Office to be started soon. The representatives were elected on October 8th and will attend the first SSC meeting on October 15th. The Student Government Office will soon have

a temporary wall dividing it from the game room. Other improvements in the near future for the office include a telephone and electrical outlets. Also, the office is now open on Tuesdays from 8-2, besides, the regular hours.

In other news, the Educational Policies Committee has made student evaluation of teachers mandatory but as of now findings will not be made public. The Constitutional Committee is moving right ahead now with a full committee including a new member, Sally Robertson, in the role of advisor.

A meeting of all clubs and organizations on campus was called by Marian Kelly. It was then decided that each club must submit a statement of purpose, a budget for the year, and an evaluation for all programming done. There is also going to be a list of all clubs and organizations to come out from the Dean's office. Each club is responsible for getting information to the Dean of Students about their club.

A few of the old and new ideas that the Student Steering Committee is considering are: a Student Directory, a tape library, membership in a Student Lobbying Organization, activities fees for part-time students and the responsibility of mundialization.

Please let your student reps know the students' opinion — SPEAK OUT — the government office is open Monday thru Friday at the posted hours.



# Golden Greek Sports Spectacular

by Chris "Golden Greek" Liberty

## Tycoon turns Adventurer

Malcolm Forbes, the millionaire publisher, has apparently decided his office was getting to be a bit stuffy so he has decided to literally abscond the heights of the hemisphere.

The 54-year-old founder of Forbes magazine plans to embark on a hot-air balloon journey from Cape Arago, Oregon to New Jersey. He anticipates his journey will take between 2 to 4 weeks.

The goal Mr. Forbes is shooting for is the uninterrupted flight record for a hot-air balloon of 197.71 miles and the flight time record of 11 hours, 14 minutes.

## RetroSport

On Nov. 3 the annual AVILA-ROCKHURST POWDERPUFF FOOTBALL GAME will take place. As one of the premiere sports writers in the country it is my responsibility to predict the outcome. In my professional, unbiased opinion the game will be *no contest!* The AVILA squad will rip-off ROCKHURST college. In fact, to go one step further, the AVILA girls will so thoroughly demolish the ROCKHURST girls that it will leave ROCKHURST crushed in shambles, and henceforth after that eventful Saturday the college located at 51st & Troost will be known as "Pebblehurst".

## For Real

## Does Anybody Know I'm Here??

by Karyn M. Robinson

This question can be asked by any non-white ethnic group on campus, but who can scream it with more right and sincerity than the sixteen Black women who have to live here at Avila? Is it because there are only sixteen of us that Avila chooses to offer us nothing? It is Avila's "choice".

I've been asked what the problem is and I reply that 'I can't relate,' and then I'm asked 'can't relate—to what?' Well it's been said before and I'll say it again. This time it's for the Christian Elites who always hear but never listen (if they really care), it's for the Man who smiles at me and shakes my hand as he eagerly gives me a positive and (if he really cares), it's for the Curious who still don't know how my hair gets this way and don't have sense enough to ask. This time I'll explain for the Ignorant who don't know *why* Black, Brown, Red and Yellow are the OPPRESSED and White, White, White and White are the OPPRESSORS.

I can't relate because there are no Black men for me to socialize with and white men (as such) don't appeal to me.

I can't relate because we never feast on neckbones and I'm sick of unsalted, uncooked greens.

I can't relate because I find long brown hair in the face bowl and long blonde hair in the bath tub. Just once I'd like to discover short, black, kinky hair all over this place.

I can't relate because my room is white, the halls are white, the lounges are white, the educators are white, the books are white, the teachings are white and every approach, method and system in use is white.

## Shambles!

At this time the Golden Greek would like to go over his track record of precise prognostication. Starting off with the 1972 World Series in which I was virtually the only major sports columnist to predict correctly the Oakland A's triumph over the highly touted big red machine. Then came the NBA finals in which I accurately stated that the Knickerbockers would dethrone the LA Lakers. Not only did I predict Riggs would beat Court but I came within one game of predicting the exact score. However, when the match between Riggs and Billie Jean came up I coolly analyzed the match an even-toss-up, while that was not totally correct it was closer to the final outcome than the straight set Riggs Sweep predicted by Dave Nightengale of Chicago among others. Other notable precise prognostications include Jackie Stewart winning his racing division, Don Garlits winning the drag-racin' championships. George Foreman smashing his opponents on the way to the heavy weight title. The Oakland Raiders snapping the Miami Dolphins 18 game streak. And last but not least my exact prediction that Secretariat would win the triple crown, long before Secretariat won its 1st crown.

"Can't relate—to what?", you ask.

Now I can understand that you don't know any better, but I can't understand you not wanting to know.

I can understand it being difficult for you to change, but I can't understand you not changing.

I can even understand you not understanding me, but I can't understand your lack of effort to try.

We are different. You cannot ignore that. I can cope on your level because I've been there, but you cannot cope on mine. You are not superior and I am not wrong, which means you need me and all that I have to give.

I'm not asking for everything Black; I realize you could not handle that. I'm not striving for anti-white because I don't have time to fight the unbeatable fought. I don't want to assimilate or acculturate to the "Avila" norms and I don't want to feel threatened for exercising mine.

I can't relate to twenty-five hours of study and minus one hour of fun. It only breeds short tempers and folks that just don't give a damn.

I can't relate to the children here who still believe in the peaches and cream existence of the white, middle class in these united states of america. They need to know the truth of life, but Avila doesn't offer it or teach it.

I can't relate to defeat, so I came back... to help, to hope, to pray and to ask... Does Anybody know I'm here? Does Anybody Really Care? If you do, I can help you, if you don't there's still hope that God will Bless the Beast... and Children.

## Planners' Plans

Off to a fabulous start this year is the Psychology Club. It has an overwhelming membership of 34 people. These people are in various fields here at Avila. The club is working as a unified organization. We function as a single unit. Everyone takes part in the planning as well as deciding what events they would like to see on campus.

Although some events will be limited to the psychology club members only there are a few sponsored events that will be opened to the entire campus. Some events open to all as I see right now are (1) psychodrama (2) speaker & demonstrator on hypnosis (3) the film "Mind over Matter." Throughout the year there will be speakers & field trips open mainly to the members.

There is still room for anyone interested so just contact Joan Michel at 942-9186 or Rm. 101. Also if you get any brain storming idea as to something related to Psychology please contact me immediately before you forget it. As a thought worth thinking is a thought worth expressing.

## Check It Out

The Inbal Dance Theatre of Israel returns to the United States after an absence of two years and will appear in Kansas City for one performance on Saturday, October 17, 1973 at 8:30 p.m., at the Shawnee Mission West High School Auditorium, 85th and Antioch Road.

The Inbal Dance Theatre of Israel is an exciting group of 30 dancers and musicians and has been hailed internationally for its programs of pagentry, music, song and dance derived from the history and folklore of ancient Yemenite culture. Critics throughout the world have marveled at the genius of this unique group.

Inbal presents the spirit, mood and intent of the dances and ceremonies as referred to in the Old Testament. Its programs are based on Yemenite and Shepherd dances, folk songs and religious chants on Bible stories. The dances reflecting both joy and sorrow, depict harvest and weddings and ceremonial occasions.

All seats for the performance are reserved and are priced at \$2.00, \$4.00, \$6.00 and \$10.00. Reservations may be made by phoning the Jewish Community Center at 361-5200. The performance is presented by the Jewish Community Center.

Another year has begun for the Amis de la France, or the French Club as it is known by Avila's English-speaking community. Already three meetings have assembled, and plans are on the board to make the remainder of the year full of rich and enjoyable activities.

At the first meeting les Amis said bienvenue to two new members, Mairén Grady and Lillian Stafford. The second reunion took care of business, and elected four executives of the club: Michele Berra, president; Mary Etta Cleer, vice-president; Natalie Gant, secretary; and Kathleen McGranahan, treasurer.

One of the innovations this year is that the meetings will be held on different days of the week, at different hours. This way no member need miss *all* the meetings because of a class or job. Some of the plans this semester are for a game night, a Mass, a breakfast, and of course, the annual Christmas celebration.

The theme of Mission Sunday 1973 is 'Missionaries are CHRIST to the world's poor... SO ARE YOU.'

"I was hungry and you fed me" is not a spiritual ideal to a missionary but a very real part of each missionary's daily service to the hungry and poor of every age.

Wherever poverty is allowed to reign and the people are not instructed in the dignity and worth of human life, there is little concern for welfare of neighbors and the development of community spirit. These are the elements of peace, and people who share in a peaceful community are on the way to a larger sense of responsibility to other communities and eventually to the world.

In the May 11, 1973 issue of FREE FALL we were reminded that Avila College is dedicated to the concept of world consciousness. Mission Sunday affords each of us an opportunity to assume that "deep-seated responsibility felt towards all people of all nations." Over 135,000 missionaries serving the many needs of the world's poor look to each of us for our help—our prayers, our sacrifices, our monetary donations, and our love. "As long as you did it for one of these, the least of My brethren, you did it for Me." (Matthew 25:40)

Mission Sunday, October 21: a PERSONAL CHALLENGE to YOU!

## National Recognition for Avila Student

Young Democrats and the College Youngs Democrats of Missouri. From now on, college students will be members of the College Caucus of the Town Democrats, and so all young people interested in the Democratic Party in Missouri will be members of the same organization. This is a unifying move on the part of the Democrats of Missouri.

Liz Gatton and Anita Fenske were the delegates from the Avila College CYD. The organizational club meeting will be held soon, with notices to be posted as to which day exactly. With Anita aware of all the important speakers in the area, this is sure to be an exciting year for the club. So if you want to be a National Committeeperson next year, get active in the Young Democrats this year!

Guess who will be representing you in Washington and New York this year? Our very own Anita Fenske! At the Missouri Young Democrat Constitutional Convention, held this past week-end at Missouri University, Anita was appointed National Committeewoman for the College Caucus of Missouri Young Democrats. As the National Committeewoman, Anita will need to be aware of any people prominent in state and local government who will be appearing in the state, and notify the YD clubs in that area. However, her main duty will be to represent Missouri at the National Young Democrats conventions held in several different cities on the East coast.

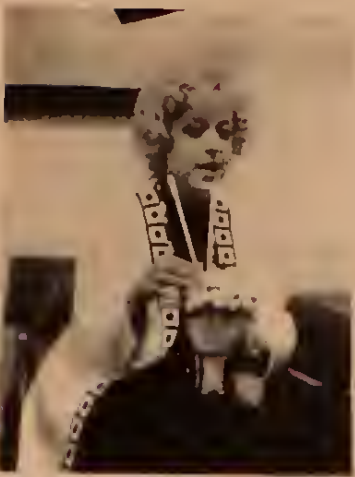
There was other important business accomplished at the Convention. A new constitution was debated on, and finally approved, that combines the



# The Other Side

## Branded!

by Diana Mänge



Where are you coming from, Dr. Brand?

Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane!

"Grab that Lady, don't let her get away!"

She'll be gone before you know it, as quickly as those spontaneous moments of happiness, which, over the span of a lifetime may accumulate into an hour's worth of living.

It's not that she intentionally escapes from one's grasp, but after all, how long can one actually hold a moon beam? Those things which give us the most pleasure are indeed ephemeral within the scope of our real existence. We, therefore, grow to love them intensely for what they represent to our abstract views of life.

Down the steps, through the echoing tunnel is a long involved walk. Stored thoughts collected through the day come alive in vivid detail. There is something lonely and encompassing about the tunnel with only the academic flare of some part time artist's brush distracting periodically. The tunnel grows longer each time, or perhaps it is merely the thoughts growing more intense. The end comes eventually, however, and then a new beginning.

How far underground must one be to merit no windows? A Basement? A Cellar? A drab place indeed! Yet, even here in this most unlikely atmosphere there is a feeling of energy and life.

Room 713 . . . Big deal . . . open the door, walk a few steps . . . VIBRATIONS! Another door . . . "That sign just jumped out at me" — Wo —

Good morning . . . Starshine! What is one's initial reaction? "Far out"? Perhaps, "Out of Sight" more likely. Where are you coming from, Dr. Elaine Brand?

Amid the fragrance of incensed candles and among the assundry extensions of creative selves, Elaine Brand peers from behind a book nearly her same size and with energy comparable to the first 'turned on' light in a dark room shouts;

"HI! Come on in! This is Out'a'Sight!"

One can hardly refuse such an invitation. As coordinator of the Counseling Center, Elaine has a way of entrancing one into entering a place most people spontaneously avoid. Truthfully, how many people really want to be "counseled"? With Elaine, however, 'counseling' is something different; something different and indeed special. An old stereo type is stripped down before our very eyes. That appeals to most of us . . . in one way or another . . . but, moving right along . . .

Elaine's job at Avila is one of 'Relating to the Students' which, for her, is not really a job at all. Technically, she helps students; find new directions for dealing with career planning, tackle educational concerns, develop study methods, find majors, and establish a feasible way to handle personal concerns. Metaphorically speaking, she guides students toward self-actualization which is essential to a maximized individual. She came to Avila because she believed that here she could strive toward her goal of eliciting close sharing relationships. Counseling to Elaine:

"Is not a game where you put people on."

It is rather a way of sensitizing one's self to the needs of others by first understanding one's self. Advocating Socrates' "Know Thy self", Elaine dares to scratch the surface and then plow through the core. She is describable only by abstractions; perhaps because she is so near to an abstraction herself.

"What an exciting person." "With a Ph.D."

Jump back! Is that possible? Ph.D.'s belong to horn-rimmed glasses and test-tube heads. Again we witness the demoralization of a stereo-type. A Ph.D. for Elaine Brand? Hardly appropriate! For Elaine it's more like a: Fa-Da . . . Fa-Da entire community she touches.

Elaine enjoys teaching. As a matter of fact she began her career as a biology teacher but found that she enjoyed talking to the students after class more than she enjoyed the class room. With that, she entered psychology and counseling, working toward the position she now holds as both teacher and counselor. She strives to integrate the two — and is very successful in her endeavor.

Creativity is one of Elaine's main objectives. One glance around her office explicitly supports this statement.

To meet, to touch, to understand, and then to seek more — is Elaine's overwhelming philosophy. Energetic or spaced . . . that is the question! The answer lies in merely discovering ELAINE.

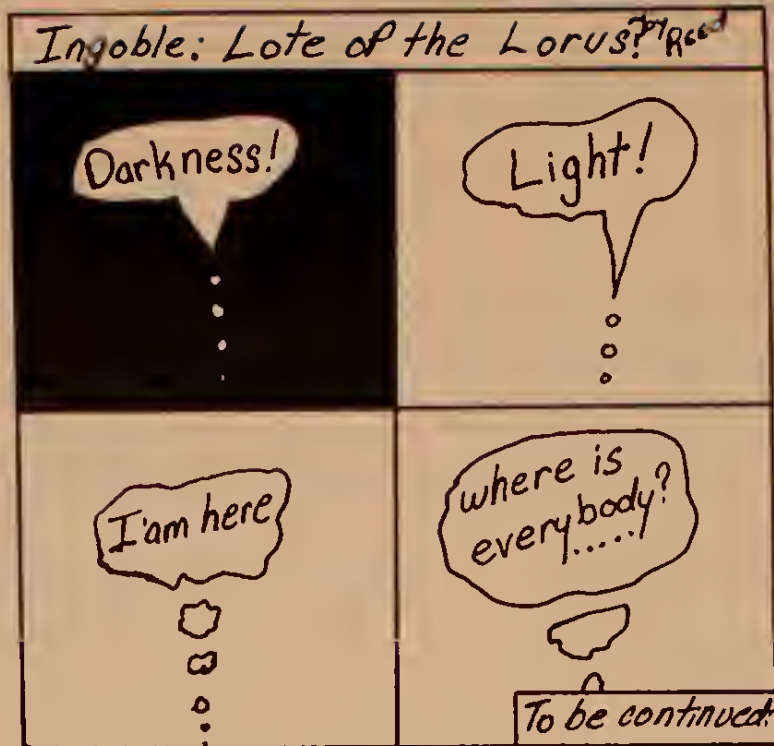
Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's both! For it has enough energy to penetrate the high altitudes of the skies, yet it is gentle enough to float on the breeze.

Perhaps Elaine is an ephemeral moment in our lives. But is it not just such fleeting moments that we forever treasure within the hidden shadows of our thoughts?

Here one minute, gone the next . . . it's true. But when one walks out of the Counseling Center Door, one somehow knows he has indeed been BRANDED . . . for life.



"And you know that she's half crazy, and that's why you want to be there . . ."



## 'A Rose is a Rose'

### For "Right" or/and "Wrong"

### with Special thanks to Jay Bopp

by Red

Perhaps someone can tell me why I talked to my hairpins as a child; why I moved into a closet at age 10, a bakery at 17 and progressed into the consciousness of a man two years later. Does one run "away from" or "into"? Couldn't it be both, and isn't it the chase, the battle, the run that's significant anyhow?

And perhaps someone does indeed know the pain I experience each time a back is slashed — or a hermit friend returns to civilization for a few more wounds. (They do heal in good time, or do they indeed deepen?)

William Butler Yeats wrote a poem which tells of empathy, one of the three vital requirements for a psychologist (according to Carl Rogers):

"When You are OLD"

"When you are old and grey and full of sleep and nodding by the fire, take down this book, And slowly read, and dream of the soft look Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of grace, Had loved your beauty with love false or true, But one man loved the Pilgrim Soul in you, And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars, Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled And paced upon the mountains overhead And hid his face amid a crowd of stars."

to continue

Jay Bopp is a Martin Buber man. He (They) speak of I-Thou relationships, without which Avila College would lose its soul, heartbeat, rhythm, music.

I mention this as a reaction to the proposed major card system under consideration (with all due respect to Bob Rehder, as I have not sat down and discussed the "pros" and "cons" with the insomniac himself). I shall in good time, but I did want to get this off my chest presently. You see, a lot of meetings (goings and comings) happen via KEYS. Shit, Avila is well enough isolated; let's not be incestuous too! Besides, where's Arnie in all this? (I'm hoping for a reply, Rehder). Seriously, Arnie is the fastest man in this campus so to speak!!!

So back to what's up and down; I mean, Right or Wrong, did I say that??? "For Real" . . . It is too easy to go into confession and tell your sins to a priest who must close his eyes to forgive you, especially when your mom is crying silently to herself — alone . . . "So go on, go cry . . . like men cry as if love lasts forever, and say to yourself very often, very, very often . . . "It's too easy . . . it's too easy . . . it's just too damned easy to pretend." — Jacques Brel

I think that Abrahams last name was Pennsylvania . . . the song, however, is about three men who preferred to hear the inhumanity and keep right on truckin'. The song is obviously about you also, "Josephus."

Sincerely yours,  
with help from Rita —

## Senic View

When you look at the world around you  
Never feel insignificant  
Even though you are  
If possible be the one thing  
You don't have to be  
Yourself  
And when you've approached  
your last day on earth  
And all of your life you lived  
In your existence  
May you say  
Get me out of here  
So stop and pick some flowers  
Today  
But tell them that you're  
Grateful

by Damian



# 'Man's Humanity to Man'

## A Funny Thing Happened On The Way Home From Avila

Since we live off State Line Road to the southwest of Avila, I usually take Minor Drive over to Wornall from State Line Road. I have driven over Minor Drive countless times, and yet until recently I hadn't noticed this old house sitting discreetly off the south side of the road rather near State Line.

Well, one day I happened to notice this old house. It's really rather difficult to see, because there are trees growing up so tall on each side of it, that you can really only see the roof and part of the second floor — and that's only if you're looking for it!

Well, they say that curiosity killed the cat. Finally, I could contain my curiosity no longer. I just had to stop and inspect the house from a closer viewpoint.

So, I stopped the car along the curb and got out. It was a bright sunny day, so I figured that I should be able to see OK inside. I walked slowly up to where the front door was. Actually there wasn't much to the front door. But I pushed open what was left of it. The rusty hinges squeaked just like in one of those horror pictures you see late Friday nights on TV. Well, I admit it sounded a bit scary, but I was bound and determined to see what was in the house now that I had gotten this far.

I stepped inside the house rather cautiously. I tested the planks on the floor. They seemed secure enough. I looked around me, but it was quite difficult to see much. I wished I had brought a flashlight with me, because it was rather dark inside. The sunlight just wasn't penetrating the thick trees very well in order to reach the windows.

However, my eyes soon adjusted to the semi-darkness. I noticed dust everywhere — all over the floor and the few pieces of old, rotted furniture that sat around the room. It looked like no one had been here in ages.

I stepped forward. My hand touched something accidentally, and it crashed to the floor with a big thud. I jumped. Wow! I thought. I've got to get control of my nerves. After all, this is 1973 and this is just some old house in the suburbs of a modern city. There's nothing to be afraid of. I mean, haunted houses don't really exist except in books and movies.

With my confidence built up once again, I crossed the room towards a doorway on the opposite side of the room. I boldly stepped through the doorway and found a stairway leading up to the second floor. I tested the steps found them safe enough, and began to climb slowly upwards, lightly stepping on each step before putting my full weight on it.

When I reached the top step I could see a short hall stretching out in front of me. I saw four closed doors — two on each side of the hall. Oh, why do all the doors have to be closed!

As I started across the hall to the first door, the house seemed to shudder. I could hear little squeaks which seemed to be coming from everywhere. I froze. Then I thought, oh it just must be the wind blowing the house. But the little squeaks? I wondered . . .

I shrugged my shoulders, and continued across the hall, reaching the door at last. I pushed it open. Well, another stupid squeaky door, I thought. Hey, those squeaks probably just came from the wind blowing some doors open and shut in different parts of the house. I felt confident again.

The room that lay open before me was just a bedroom complete with an old four-poster bed that had fallen to the floor on one side. Two dusty chairs and an old broken dresser completed the set of furniture.

Well, so much for that room, I thought. I left it and went across the hall to the next door, which naturally squeaked open. By this time, I started getting silly. What in the world was I ever scared about? This is just another squeaky door — just like in the movies. Oh, wouldn't this be a good setting for a horror picture! I laughed. I mean, well, after all, even if it were an old horror picture, the monsters always live down in the dark basement underneath the ground. And here I am up on the second floor!

I stepped inside the room. It was just another old, dusty bedroom. Well, I might as well peek into these other two rooms up here before going back downstairs. I was beginning to get discouraged.

The third door squeaked open, just like the others. It turned out to be a bathroom with one of those big old-fashioned tubs sitting on the floor in the middle of the room. Well, one more to go!

I pushed the fourth door open and listened for the squeaking. But there wasn't any! It opened so quietly that I reached out to make sure that it had opened. Yes, it was clear open. I reached in, grabbed the door and slammed it shut. Silence. Well, as I said before, curiosity killed the cat. So, I just wasn't about to leave the old house and later wonder about this silly door.

I opened it again. Silence again. Hmmm. There's something funny about this door, I thought. I looked inside. The room was bare — completely empty! I looked across the room to a window, which had a large gaping hole in its glass. Some dirty, torn, faded cur-

tains fluttered gently in the breeze that was blowing through the broken window. I started walking across the room to the window.

I was about half-way across the room, when suddenly the floor dropped below me. Down . . . down . . . down . . . I fell.

Suddenly I realized that I was sliding down a chute. Down . . . down . . . down . . . It seemed like hours before I finally stopped, but in reality, it was probably just a few minutes. I landed in a heap on a hard floor. I stood up and tried to look around me. But it was impossible to see anything, because it was pitch dark. Somehow I knew that the only I could get out of here was to go back up the chute. I tried climbing it, but it was too slippery. It felt like someone had just greased it.

Well, I thought. I guess I should try to find my way out of here. I walked forward with my hands outstretched in front of me, sleepwalker style.

A door slightly opened ahead of me and some light spilled into the passageway. Naturally I walked toward it, as there wasn't anywhere else to go. Besides that, I was getting more and more curious as each minute passed.

I walked slowly toward the lighted doorway. Suddenly, I became frightened. Surely someone must be in that room beyond the door. But who? I continued toward the door very cautiously. Just as I was about to push it open, the door opened magically before me. I took several steps into the room. The light grew so intense that I had to shut my eyes.

I looked again. After my eyes had adjusted to the brightness, I realized that I was looking at a huge bonfire. It had seemed so intense before, because my eyes were used to just the dim light in the passage.

"What is it? Who's there? What do you want?" I shouted. No answer. I backed away from the bonfire. The heat from it was so strong that I couldn't bear standing very near it.

Suddenly I decided to try going up the chute again. I turned around and made a dash for the door. But it slammed shut in front of me. In doing so, it revealed a cloaked figure that had been hiding behind it when it was open.

I screamed. The faceless figure slowly approached me. I looked around, poised to run. But the only way to go was toward the bonfire.

Suddenly it extinguished itself. Just like that! Darkness fell immediately. I ran — stumbling, falling, getting up, running again, stumbling, falling, running . . . Hurry! Must hurry! I thought. Run! Faster! Faster!

Without warning, I bumped against

a blank wall and fell backwards from the impact. I scrambled up quickly, and ran my hands all over the blank wall. Don't tell me it's a dead-end passage! Oh, no! I screamed, pounding my fists against the wall. "HELP! Help!" I shouted, realizing that no one could probably hear me. "Let me out, please!"

Suddenly the blank wall moved, and I plunged recklessly forward. My head hit something hard and then everything went black.

I woke up screaming. People clothed in white from head to foot surrounded me. They were holding me down, restraining me. I felt a prick in my arm, and then darkness flooded over me again.

When I awoke again, my senses returned to me. I realized that I was in a hospital room. How . . . how . . . did I get here? I wondered. I sat up in bed. My head ached. I fell back against the pillow, moaning.

A man dressed in white walked into my room. My eyes focused upon him. I asked him the same question I had been wondering about: "How did I get here?"

"Oh, it's quite simple to explain," he replies. "Someone found you laying unconscious on the floor of the Avila tunnel that runs to the Administration building." I stared at him, not comprehending his words.

"The . . . Avila . . . tunnel . . . ?" I stammered.

"Yes. In fact, they said that one of the pictures near where you were laying was crooked. Apparently you hit it when you fell."

"Which picture was it?" I asked him. My mind was starting to function again.

"I don't know. Look, I think you better get some rest now. You have quite a bump on your head. I'll be in to check on you again later." With that, he left.

"The picture," I thought. "That picture — whichever one it is — must open up and lead into that passage!"

I jumped up. My curiosity was on the prowl again. I quickly got dressed and left the hospital. I took a cab down to Avila, and asked the driver to wait. I hopped out of the car, raced up a step or two and ran into O'Rielly. I scurried through the hallway and straight into the tunnel. I stopped, breathless. The paintings were still hanging on the wall.

I stopped at the first one, and moved it this way and that. I even took it off the wall and felt the wall behind it. Nothing.

I went on to the next painting. I inspected it just as thoroughly — but no results again. I did this with each picture. You guessed it. Nothing happened. I stood there puzzled. Now, what . . . ? The picture must just open from the inside, I thought.

Then I remembered my car. It must still be parked in front of that old house! I hastened back to the cab and told the driver to go down Minor Drive.

"Stop!" I yelled. There was my car parked upon the street, right where I had left it. But the house was gone! Bulldozers were plowing the land where the old house once stood.

I jumped out of the car. "What are they doing?" I screamed. "Hey, they can't do that! My house! My house! I must go back inside!"

I was still screaming at the top of my lungs about all that had happened to me in that old house, when the police came and took me away.

Now, I am sitting here in the funny farm writing my story down, hoping that someday someone will believe me and let me out of here. Who knows . . . Maybe someday somebody will buy my story and use it for a horror picture!

## The Weather's Been Getting Stranger Every Year

by Damian

The weather's been getting stranger every year  
Why?  
We pay farmers not to produce in a time of rising food prices  
Why?  
Television is insulting to your intelligence  
Why?  
People go to the same job year after year thinking they are just tools  
Why?  
Mr. Nixon is president  
Why?  
It is dangerous to ask questions  
Why?

## Happiness

by Mary Jo Westermier

What is happiness?  
It's caring for a person  
when things are going both good and bad  
and it is knowing that there's someone who cares for you in return.  
It's loving a person  
when they are up or down  
and willing to give one's whole self at all times  
It's seeing a person as they are  
and willing to take them for themselves  
whether you need to or not  
It's listening to a person  
when they are willing to confide in you  
and knowing it's helping them  
when you are there  
It's saying I'm your friend  
and really mean it  
especially when they are really in need  
of a shoulder to cry on

It's being yourself  
and feeling good  
at all times  
because you know there's a reason  
Now, tell me what is happiness to you!

## PASSING THOUGHT

He lives in a hat by a tree  
He hides deep in the hat  
Till they pass.  
Then peeks so he can think  
And wonder what they were like  
After they passed.  
  
He never looks at them face on  
For fear of showing his own  
and so they pass.  
But one who passed looked back  
And was the silly man in the hat  
And said:  
"Poor man in the hat, why do you hide?  
Is it for fear of being hurt? But  
does it not hurt more to hide and know  
none, than to be hurt by a few and loved  
by many?"

B. Reed Ludwick

by Christine Wilson



# what's goin' on...

Oct. 31

"Now Kim's over at the Red Bridge Pool from 7:00 — 9:00 swimming."  
"This chick must really know where it's all at."  
"I'm going to find out who Kim is. I wonder what kind of a suit she wears?"  
"Wow! I can't wait." Also on this last day of Oct. Mary Beth has a UNICEF drive all planned. She's really got her hopes up. So let's get out there and help Mary Beth. I know she'd really appreciate it. Say thank you Mary Beth. "Thank You."

## Would You Believe It?

by Fr. Frank Schuele

A total re-thinking of the familiar notice of "Catholic education"? (If you're not interested in ideas about the nature of education, skip this article.)

One prominent analyst wrote recently: "The American bishops' Pastoral Message, *To Teach as Jesus Did*, asks Catholics to study it, criticize it intelligently, and where possible implement it. If these happen in any fair way, the Pastoral will turn out to be an historic turning point in American Catholic life." He notes that "teaching doctrine" is presented as only one of the three aspects of Catholic education, the others being an everyday fellowship among believers, and service to one's fellow Christians and to the needs of the world. In brief, the educational model is not just the classroom, but an envisioned way of sharing-learning-working-together. As to how such a revision of Catholic education is to be carried out, the document only urges all the elements in the church to start working together or what amount to intelligently conducted experiments.

O.K., so much for the concepts — can you imagine what vast implications "community" and "service" can have for us? "Look at all those lonely people..." — the song haunts us with its truth. Can't we create ways of helping one another out of the kind of loneliness which can strike cold despair into the hearts of us, the specialists, the success-oriented, the competitive? Is it worth the risk to you? "Who gives a damn?" — the words have often been thrown at us as we watch the evening news. Wouldn't it be revolutionary if in our '70's era of disillusionment with social concern, a group of students and educators learned to overcome a creeping sense of futility by becoming nitty-gritty involved with those persons and people who are left to twist in the wind by our affluent America? Just as I think and write this, I feel an almost untraceable surge of hope for myself, for you, for the future of man. I guess the main question is, how radically (root-deep) we can re-shape our lives. Not after we've gotten out of here with our academic credentials or our salaries — right here, right now! Sound crazy? I suspect Christianity will become visibly vital when we all get a little crazy about these things.

I'll put copies of the most relevant excerpts from *To Teach as Jesus Did* in the residence halls and the Union, for those who want a better look at it; faculty and staff have already received copies, in preparation for the forums to be held during the week of Oct. 22 - 26.

## Avila College Receives Humanities Grant

Avila College's Social Work Department has received a grant to host a 3-part symposium on the topic "Education and Welfare: Right or Privilege." The project is supported through the Missouri State Committee for the Humanities by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities in Washington, D. C., a Federal agency created by Congress in 1965.

The symposium, designed to provide information and create the opportunity for dialogue between the inner city and suburban areas of Kansas City, will attempt to focus discussion of the issue on the possible effect of alternative systems and the implications for future public policies.

The first seminar will be held Tuesday, October 23, 1973, at 7:45 p.m. in Lower Marian Center with Ms. Melba Carter as guest speaker. A doctoral candidate in Secondary School Administration with seven years' experience in the inner city area, Ms. Carter will discuss "Financing Education: Rights and Responsibilities." Her presentation will focus on the democratic ideal of a quality education for all, the rights and responsibilities involved, and the effect public policies of financing educational systems can have on the realization of this ideal. Included will be a panel of educators from area schools representing both the inner city area and suburban Jackson County.

On Wednesday, November 14, 1973, at 7:30 p.m. in Lower Marian Center, Ms. Elizabeth Norris, Co-Ordinator of the Department of Social Work, will speak on "The Welfare System: Myths and Realities." Ms. Norris, with over 20 years' experience in the area of minorities, will provide a background into the philosophy of the system of welfare and then lead a discussion of the topic with panelists representing a welfare agency, a welfare rights organization, a welfare recipient, and a taxpayer.

The third and final session will be Thursday, December 6, 1973, at 7:30 p.m. in Marian Center and will feature Mr. Francisco Ruiz, editor and publisher of *Entrelineas* and a faculty member at Penn Valley Community College; Sister Audrey Olson, Associate Professor of Sociology. The panelists will discuss "Social Justice: Humanitarian Perspectives" and will present a comparative study from an historical and sociological basis on the life style, culture, goals, and aspirations of the Black, Chicano, and White (Anglo) populations and will further explore the influence our present educational and welfare systems have had on these areas.

The symposium is open to the public and free of charge. For additional information contact Margy Yeatch, Public Relations Director at 942-3204.

Oct. 19-21 Program Board is happy to announce that they are very excited in sponsoring this three day weekend "We can now say we sponsored something in which the whole school participated in. What a neat feeling!" — John Rasiej.

Oct. 22 Did you find yourself eating every time your elbow bent during the three day weekend? Come to the Loretto gym and feel those extra pounds going-going-going... while you have a great time. See you there from 7:00 — 9:00.

Oct. 24 Hey you birds! I heard of a great way to have a lot of fun and relax at the same time. It happens every Wednesday between 7:00 and 9:00 at the Red Bridge Pool. You just kick up your heels and it doesn't even hurt when you come down.

Oct. 27 COME one, come ALL. It's a costume party. What fun! You could come as a frog, a paper bag, a card, a um — donkey? etc — whatever. Let yourself escape back to your childhood fantasies. Remember the thrill of making popcorn balls, caramel apples, cookies and suicidal drinks. Grace remembers and if you don't I'm sure she'll jar some memory of the good old times. Lori will be judging for the best costume. There will be music, games, fun and FOOD. It all happens in Lower Marian. Look for posters for time and more info.

Oct. 28 It's Crown Center for anyone interested. Grace and Hyper are planning a whole day of just browsing, being entertained and what ever else may happen. There will be more info out when Grace and Hyper get their — together.

Oct. 29 "Hey I heard that Kim went to see Jim last Monday and had a great time. They really had their hi's and their lows, ups and downs, arounds and arounds." "No, no, no, you've got something wrong. I think it's Gym went to the Kim and had a great time. Oh, wait that's not right either. It's coming, it's coming. I've got it — Kim went to the Gym and had a fantastic time." "Who's Kim?" "I don't know, but lets go check out that 'Fantastic time' from 7:00 — 9:00 at the Loretto Gym. Let's go!"


**SOCIAL WORK SEMINAR**  
SEMINAR: Tues., Oct. 23, 1973, at 7:45 p.m. in Lower Marian Center with guest speaker Ms. Melba Carter. A doctoral candidate in Secondary School Administration with seven years' experience in the inner city area, Ms. Carter will discuss "Financing Education: Rights and Responsibilities." Her presentation will focus on the democratic ideal of a quality education for all, the rights and responsibilities involved, and the effect public policies of financing educational systems can have on the realization of this ideal. Included will be a panel of educators from area schools representing both the inner city and suburban Jackson County. This seminar is open to the general public as well as students.

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# The Quick Brown Fox

## 'Welcome to the Theatre'

"Welcome to the Theatre." The stage appears somewhat bare. One wouldn't think that within the flash of a moment everything around will take on a new dimension. It is hard to conceive that upon this crude platform new lives shall be discovered and new stories shall be told. After all, this is indeed nothing but make-believe and fantasy. There exists nothing beyond this superficial facade. The faces are surrealistic, the actions are pretense, the characters are two dimensional. They hide behind their gaily painted masks and move and smile, making fools of themselves and others. What a cold place an empty theatre is! There are the props from last night's show, a few cigarette butts, and a dozen wilted yellow roses.

It is no wonder that one feels impelled to run away; to escape the fear of passing time. It is only natural to turn away from the pressing frustration of plastic patterns. Nothing is more depressing than the skeleton of a theatre with its loose hinged doors and paper mache walls. The stage is hollow, the wings are bare, even the galleys echo oblivious void.

Where are the bright lights and the glory? There is nothing here but a mess of wires and lifeless shadows. The atmosphere is unwholesome and impure. There is nothing appealing about being alone in a cold, empty theatre — there is certainly nothing more disgusting than . . . "What is it that we're livin' for?" a cold, superficial platform . . . "applause, applause." Look at those masks! "nothin' I know . . ." and the Plastic scenery — "Brings on the glow . . ." Yet it is intriguing "Like sweet applause." It is, in fact, somewhat entrancing — OVERATURE, CURTAIN, LIGHTS . . .

"Welcome to the Theatre!", an isolated thought materializes to become a living dream. The surroundings shall take on personality and grow into a representation of, or perhaps even a presentation of life. Old memories shall be reviewed and new prospects shall be examined. The skeleton stage with its empty galleys shall soon come alive.

"But, let's talk of something else."

Why is it that a theatre can be both frightening and intriguing? What is it that so appeals to the wandering mind? Why does a sense of fascination supercede pending feelings of repulsion? Who was it who said;

"The whole world's a stage and the men  
and women are merely players . . .?"

Someone, no doubt, who understood the parallel long before it actually became recognizable.

The play's about to begin, the actors quickly take their places. Some are exceedingly nervous, others are relaxed and confident, still others are in a state of near shock. The cold, bear stage is all that they are given to work with; it's up to them from the moment the curtain goes up. The majority of the performers silently wonder why they are there, as each new journey through existence begins.

"For Mad Men Only" —

Perhaps. But then, who is indeed mad?

Is there not a touch of the Steppenwolf in each of us?

The message appears somewhat vague, true. But will not each of us interpret it within our own personal frames of reference?

A performance depends mainly upon the performers. It can be a smash hit or a flop. The circumstances are given, it is then the actor's responsibility to "act well his part".

Compare theatre to life? Perhaps Shakespeare had a point.

Remember; "The Plays the Thing."

"Welcome to the Theatre . . . Welcome to Life!"

by Giana Mange

He knows  
As I sit here trying to get the work done  
For tomorrow's classes  
I ask myself,

"what am I doing here  
doing what  
I'm  
doing?"

It all seemed to happen so fast.  
I suppose it all must mean something,  
but what?

Maybe I'm not to know yet  
and  
yet I know

This is the way  
and

He knows  
why.

Some Where  
Are we all going?  
Some Time  
Going Where?

Yes we all are —  
Somewhere  
Sometime

And we will know at the time  
Where  
and

Why.

by Brenda Harden

Dear Editor:

This is to say a public "thank you" to all of you generous students — business majors and non-business majors alike — who helped to make our BUSINESS CAREER SEMINAR on October 5, 1973 a success.

I am grateful to all of you who came to our assistance, even without an "SOS", particularly Dale Issac, Laurie Bierly, Peggy Paradoski, Debra Rogozenski, Rita Sporrer, Clara Knapp, Giana Mange, Steve Farris, Vincent Nelson, and Martha Weber. THANKS A MILLION! Sister Paulette Gladis

Just MY Friend  
I have this friend  
He isn't always there when I need Him  
and yet,  
when I need Him He is there.  
He's what I've always wanted in a friend  
i sit on His lap  
and  
embraced by His arms.  
He never interrupts me.  
As a matter of fact He never says anything.  
He just lets me get it all out, the way i feel.  
He always provides a bit of soothing background music  
He stands so tall and  
proud.

i LOVE MY Friend  
i've never introduced Him to anyone  
He is just mine.  
If i did they would say "it's just a tree"  
i  
don't  
think  
i  
could  
take  
that.

by Brenda Harden



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### Inspiration

### Sister Paulette Gladis

"The opinions expressed in the 'FREE FALL' are not those of the college, and indeed may not be those of the editors or the editorial board either, but only those of the named author of the article.

## On the Line

Because "Free Fall" is a newspaper for the entire Avila Community, it is essential that the staff be aware of Public Opinion on campus.

1. Does "Free Fall" fulfill its responsibility of communicate on campus?
2. Does "Free Fall" satisfy most readers in regard to article content?
3. Should there be changes in form, layout, style etc.? On the part of the writers? On the part of the staff?
4. Do you feel that "Free Fall" is an affective means of informing as well as intellectualizing?
5. Are these questions too ambiguous?

Comments —

Please detach this portion of the paper with your responses and put it in the Editorial box in Lower Marian. (But, of course, if you don't want to "tear up your paper" other material is acceptable with your comments.)